

SSM

79.4.3

MUE

Rice University
THE SHEPHERD SCHOOL OF MUSIC
Tuesday, April 3, 1979
Milford Hall
4:00 p.m.

STUDENT RECITAL

Peggy Lei Mueller, soprano

assisted by

Byron Franklin, piano

PROGRAM

Antonio VIVALDI
(1676-1741)

Four Arias
Di Due Rai
Dille Ch'il Viver Mio
Vieni, Vieni O Mo Dilette
La Pastorella Sul Primo Albore

Franz SCHUBERT
(1797-1828)

Geheimes (Goethe)
Heidenroslein (Goethe)
~~Die Rose (Schlegel)~~
Die Forelle (Schubart)

Wolfgang Amadeus MOZART
(1756-1791)

From Don Giovanni
Batti, Batti
Vedrai Carino

Intermission

Claude DEBUSSY
(1862-1918)

Voici que le Printemps (Bourget)
Romance (Bourget)
Nuit d'Etoiles (Banville)
Beau Soir (Bourget)
Mandoline (Verlaine)

Bainbridge CRIST
(1883-1969)

Chinese Mother Goose Rhymes
Lady-Bug
Baby is Sleeping
What the Old Cow Said
The Mouse
Of What Use is a Girl?
Pat-a-Cake
The Old Woman

Ms. Mueller is a student of Frances Bible.

Translations

I. Four arias by Vivaldi

Di Due Rai

It is both joy and torment to languish for those eyes. So you see me, cupid, less a lover, but more contented.

Dille Ch'Il Viver Mio

Tell her I shall end my days with her lovely name upon my lips, and thereafter send her piteous kisses from the mournful shadows.

Vieni, Vieni O Mio Diletto

Come, my beloved. My affectionate heart waits impatiently for you, forever calling your name.

La Pastorella Sul Primo Albores

A shepherdess at the first light of dawn sings of love while her flock grazes nearby. She is not jealous because her shepherd also is held by the bonds of love.

II. Schubert Lieder

Geheimes

Everyone wonders about my love's gaze, but I know its meaning. With her eyes she says, "I love this one and no others. Good people, please cease your wondering and your staring." Yes, her glances can create quite a sensation, but she wishes only to remind her suitor of their next sweet encounter.

Heldenröslein

A boy saw a hedge-rose so fresh and beautiful that he ran toward it to take a closer look. He told the rose, "I will pluck you," to which the rose replied, "If you do, I'll stick you and I won't regret it." However, the boy paid no attention and broke off the rose. It defended itself with its thorns, but still it had to suffer.

Die Rose

Warm breezes enticed me toward the light but there I was injured by blazing sunbeams. In milder weather, I would have bloomed for a long time. Now I must wither early. One morning, I cast aside my fears and opened into a magnificent flower. The mid-day sun, however, was too hot, and seared my charms. What shall the evening do? It cannot restore me or my faded glory. Soon I will be cold and withered, but I will have told the tale of my short young life.

Die Forelle

A wily trout darts through the clear little brook. I enjoy watching it from the bank. There is a fisherman on the other shore, but as long as the water is clear I need not worry about his catching the fish. Finally, however, he grows impatient and muddies the waters. Almost before I can think, the rod jerks, the trout is caught, and with rising anger I see the betrayed one on the shore.

III. Two arias from Don Giovanni by Mozart

Batti, Batti

Zerlina, a peasant girl, tries to appease the feelings of her pouting fiancé, Masetto, who is upset because ~~she flirted with the Don~~. She invites him to show his anger and strike her, insisting she will remain meek as a lamb and even kiss his hand when he has finished. Her tactics are successful and she is able to further please Masetto by singing of the blissful days to come.

Vedral Carino

Masetto has been soundly beaten by the Don and lies in the street, complaining loudly, when Zerlina, his new wife, finds him. She has a very special remedy for his aches and pains. Does he want to know where she keeps it? Then feel her beating heart.

IV. Songs of Debussy

Voici que le Printemps

Here is Spring, the son of April, adorned in a green vest with white embroidered roses. He is handsome, dapper, and stands with his hands on his hips like a prince returning from exile. On his left shoulder, he carries a nightingale. A blackbird perches on his right. As he passes, the flowers stretch up from their mossy beds to hear the two birds. The blackbird whistles for those who are not in love, while, for charmed, languishing lovers, the nightingale sings a touching song.

Romance

Languid spirit, misty, sweet, and perfumed by the divine lilies gathered in the garden of your thought; where have the winds taken you? Is there no taste left for me of the beauty of those days when we knew the bonds of hope, love, and peace?

Nuit d' Etoiles

Starry night, beneath your veils, while the sad lyre sighs in the breeze I dream of past loves. Serene melancholy fills my heart as I hear the soul of my beloved trembling in the pensive woods and see in our fountain your glances, as blue as the sky. This rose is your breath, and these stars your eyes.

Beau Soir

As the sun sets, while the waters reflect the reddening sky and a light breeze runs across the fields, a feeling of happiness seems to arise from things and float to the troubled heart. It is the suggestion to enjoy the charms of life while one is young and the evening is filled with beauty, because someday we must leave, just as this wave. It returns to the sea; we go to our graves.

Mandoline

The serenaders and their lovely listeners exchange insipid remarks under the singing branches. There is Tircis, Aminte, and the persistent Clitandre. And there is Damis who has fashioned many a verse for his loves. Their silken vests, their long gowns, their elegance and joy, and their blue shadows swirl in ecstasy under the rosy moon while the mandoline chatters in the light breeze.